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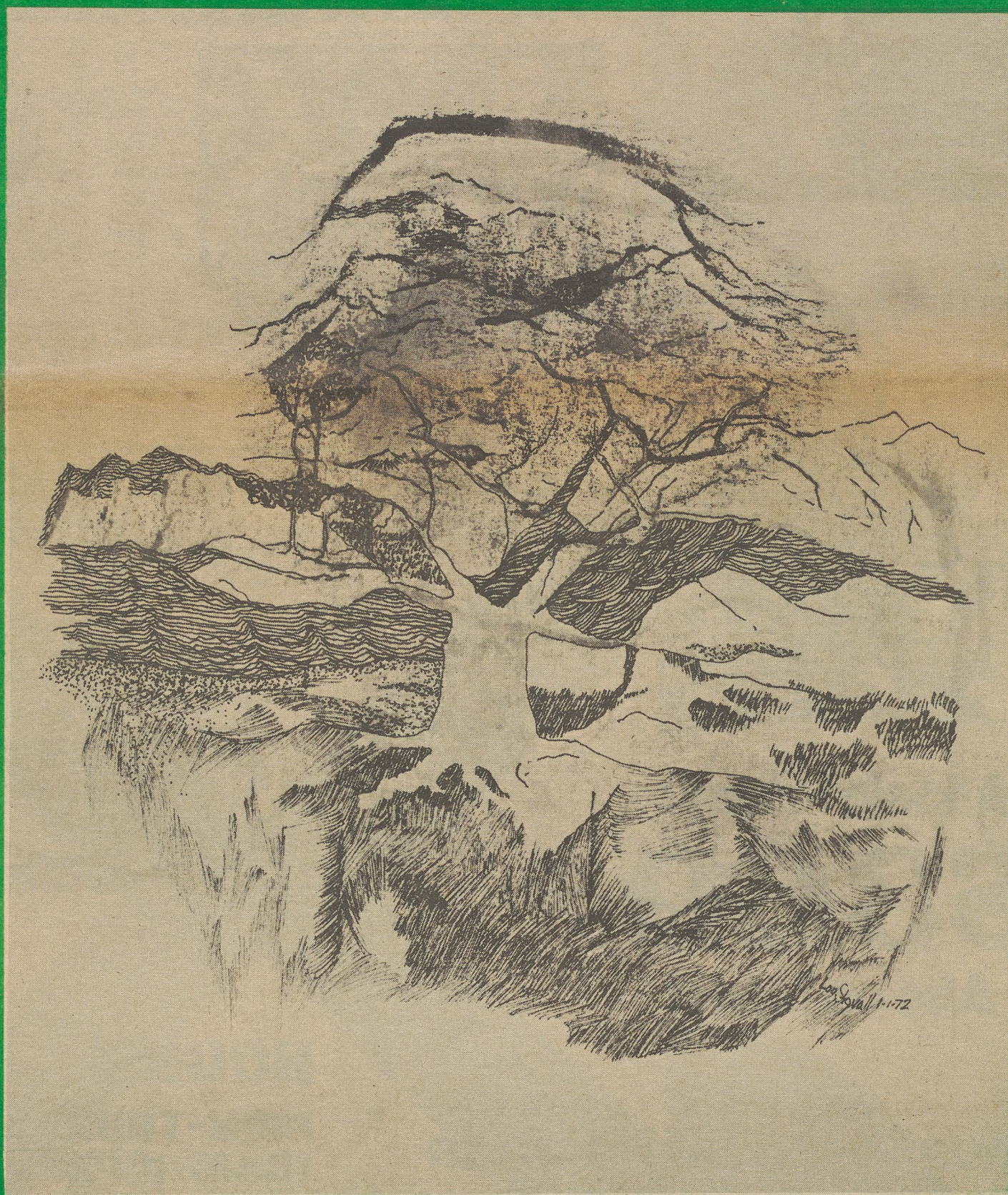
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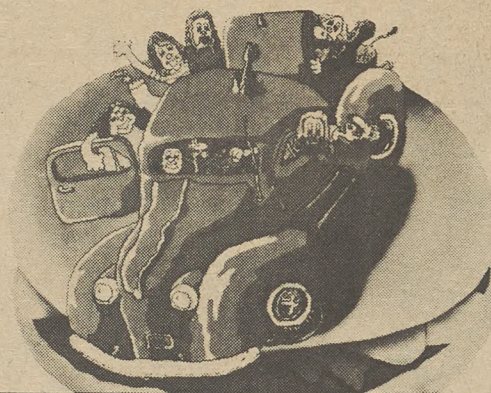
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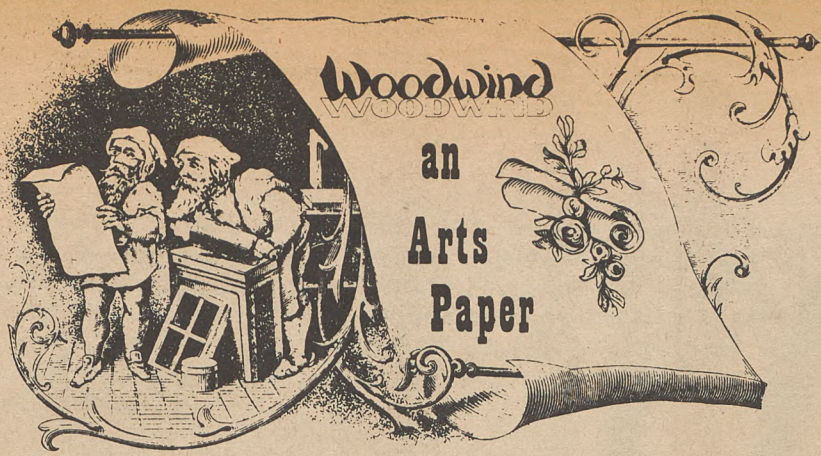
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Cover

We again have Lou Stovall and the Workshop to thank. Our gratitude for all of the many hours Lou has given to WOODWIND can never be properly expressed. Besides, we don't want him to get cocky. The Post and Star already said it.

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WOODWIND is a community oriented Arts paper, and in being so, one of our primary functions is to publish new local artists and writers. If you are interested in having your work published please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction, and short features. If you wish to have your work returned, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

We are interested in hearing your comments and criticisms about WOODWIND; articles; policies; and existence.

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Master silkscreen printer Lou Stovall and his wife, Di.

By John Gossage



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CHAPTER III

(From a novel THE TROLL, by Ronald J. Willis)

'Aristotle and the teeny-bopper'

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(Lucy is a young, black female whore who is the present reincarnation of Jesus Christ)

by
Ron Willis



Lucy toiled the Alfa-Mozzarella down the turnpike at a typically Christian speed. Being a troll, Garn rarely flinched — but he was close to it now. Lucy never got caught doing anything wrong — yet. Somebody up there liked her. Maybe. Besides it was doubtful that she thought that she could do anything wrong. She hadn't volunteered to Garn where she had gotten the car with Iranian plates. He hadn't asked.

The hells of the Jersey refineries past, the green country opened up a bit. They zipped past cars and suddenly were turning off onto an older highway where only sheer guts and a total disregard for reality could maintain an 84 km. an hour.

Soon the quaint tree lined streets of Princeton appeared. The noise of the locusts swarming in the trees made a lovely surrogate for the continual roar to which their New York ears were acclimated. They slowed down a bit, for Nassau Street was as usual full of traffic. It was Playboy day and the line of graduate and under-graduate students stretched around the block waiting to pick up their copy.

"What do you think they do with them, Garn?" Lucy smirked.

"Oh, Playboy? I guess they look at the pictures. Maybe they do other things too."

"Poor things, Garn. Just think if I had the time, I could make them all happier, or at least, think they were happier."

"Come on Lucy, I didn't come down here to wait while you ball the whole student body, and that small part of the faculty that's heterosexual."

"Oh, don't worry Garn. It'd take too long. But I wonder why they don't set up some kind of prize for the kids with the best averages in class, or something like that. Two days with your own bunny in a secluded motel in New Brunswick. Man, Garn baby, would the work lights burn late at night!"

"Swedes, that's what I remember most about this place. There's a whole shit-pot of swedish girls who work here for a while as mother's helpers and all that. The most neurotic bunch of people I ever ran across. I remember a party —"

"I'm hungry Garn. Let's stop and have lunch."

At one of the better restaurants they had lobster at a little table with a sign informing them that Alfred Einstein had once eaten lobster there. They were blase about the whole thing. Lobster is lobster.

Then they walked on the campus — a jumble of Colonial, Victorian and modern architecture. The lobster almost came back up fighting in Garn's craw, as his aesthetic architectural sense quivered with pain. They stopped at the library for Lucy wanted to look up something. A gruff guy in the rare book room melted when Lucy showed him a card. What the card said Garn had no idea, but soon Lucy was pattering over an ancient tome. She made a couple of notes and they left. The librarian was fawning on them as they left and hoped they'd be back to use the facilities any time.

"What the hell was that all about, Lucy?"

"It's about an Aramaic manuscript that only exists in two copies. And I didn't feel like flying to Buenos Aires to see the other copy today. Just checking something, Baby Garn." And she was off again walking slowly, her mind elsewhere. Garn respected her silence during these periods for he felt deep inside himself the vibrations of great cogs turning on each other. Something happened when Lucy was moody and silent, but he didn't know just what.

Advancing into the campus they found a crowd of students assembling on the grass before a podium. Clearly something was about to happen so they sat down on the grass at a distance and watched.

"You see that science building back there Garn. For some reason that reminded me of Bertrand Russell's philosophy."

"Yeah, Bertie, he was a real cool cat. But did you mean its significance as a science building, or its shape. It looks pretty funny."

"Russell's philosophy is still very underrated, even the *Principia Mathematica* — but I remember his summing up of science and all his work very clearly. "I do not believe that science per se is an adequate source of happiness, nor do I think that my own scientific outlook has contributed very greatly to my own happiness, which I attribute to defecating twice a day with unfailing regularity."

"Lucy you're a —" but Garn didn't finish. His thought stream was deflected to defecating. Actually he shit at least three times a day and he was sure that it did lead to a better life — though that in itself, likewise, was not adequate for a full life.

Soon some guys were up on the platform and from what little could be heard through the din of the locusts, they seemed to be giving honorary degrees to people. It sounded like Norman Mailer got one for getting arrested — but maybe Garn heard wrongly. Then a guy with a guitar, named something like Thomas Zimmerman got one and he tried to sing, but they couldn't hear much for the locusts. Then the scene got to be a drag and they got up and walked on.

At the rickety psychology building, three white rats ran out the door followed by an irate student, but they wisely split up and ran in different directions, confounding their pursuer. He cursed and gave up the chase. At a safe distance, they all three turned, and stuck out their tongues at the psychology building. Lucy laughed. It was good to hear her laugh.

They continued past the Mortuary Science Building, then down the road towards Lake Moebius

* * * * *

The Brooklyn Book of the Dead prescribes shards to be put over the eyes of the corpse, the placing of a subway map in the hands of the deceased, and a token up the anus, so that the soul can pay the Black Subwayman who will take him across the river through the

tunnel to his final resting place. Then the bank book of the deceased will be weighed against a basket of ulcers and if found wanting will be thrown to the dogs of the Internal Revenue Service. If it balances, the deceased may have his soul encased in a canister of strontium-90 which will be enshrined forever in the beatitudinous caverns of Holiness deep under the Catskills — somewhere just south of Grossingers.

On the banks of the lake, they found a philosopher sitting. He was weeping. "Why are you weeping?" asked Lucy. "Ah, my dear, I'm ruined. Here I am a philosopher, with 48 major publications, and 3 in press, and I'm —" he broke off sobbing and gurgling. "Come on now, what's the matter, old boy?" asked Garn. "Did you make a mistake in Epistemology or something like that?"

Great tears welled out of his eyes, as he turned them on Garn. "Oh, fool that you are — who could ever make a mistake in Epistemology? The thought of it is sacrilegious. It's just that I... I... was caught....." and he broke into sobs again.

They sat down next to him, and Lucy took his trembling hand. She was very soothing when she wanted to be. "Come, Dr. — er would you like to tell us about it? That helps sometimes. Your troubles aren't so bad when you verbalize them."

"Oh, Miss — I've been caught! And in the library! Oh, the shame of it all. What can I do? I came down here planning to jump in and end it all, but the shame of it all. A suicide — what will my biographers say? Maybe even the shame of it all will obliterate everything I've done all my life — and I'll never even have any biographers, oh....." and his bowed back humped again and again with great, lung-bursting sobs.

"We're the emergency philosopher saver crew, fella" said Garn. "Come on, tell us all about it."

"Well, I might as well —" he said after he had controlled himself and let out only occasional sighs and gurgles. "Since I came down here meaning to end it all, what does it matter if you two know it too? I'm Professor X, and my field is recent phenomenological Gnostic ontology — you may be familiar with my work, though it appears mainly in German. Some of my more evil critics say I publish in German only because anything in German print looks learned, that the language itself lends itself to such obfuscation that even foolishness sounds profound. But, confound them they'll see — oh, no they won't, will they? They'll all be so happy at what happened to me —" and the sobs rolled on again for a while until he could stop them.

"Friends, it was so awful. I'm not really so old, just 55, and I never had a family you know. I give lectures at times to some of the girl's schools around here you know, and this one girl, Barbara, seemed so interested in my views on Alfred Jarry and Pataphysics. She wanted to write a paper on him so I gave her references and yesterday — oh, yesterday, yesterday —

"I met her down in the philosophy stacks — the old dusty ones, on A level, you know, and she was looking for one of the references so I helped her. Then it just happened. She was only 14 you know, and I had no idea that it would all happen like that. She was very developed for 14, you know, and was so cute with her little puckery lips, and before I knew it she was in my arms panting. 'Oh, professor, oh professor, how I admire your mind. You're so great. Oh, I'd do anything for you.' Believe me friends, it happened so fast, and I had no idea of ever toying with the affection of one whom I considered a pupil. Ah, but these young people today, they must be brought up so differently — so differently. She made the lewdest proposition to me, about having sex, but I stammered so much from my surprise I believe she thought I was reticent only because I had no prophylactic device with me and I was afraid of getting her pregnant.

"So in a trice she had my pants off my protesting body and had torn off her jeans and panties. Then she pushed me over on one of the dusty tables, assuring me that hardly anyone but us ever came down to that level at that time of day, and she arranged her body on top of mine in some sort of disgusting position she called, sixty-seven, or sixty-eight or ninety-six or some such thing. It was unbelievable.

"Oh, God professor, just imagine what status I'll have at school. How many girls can say they sucked the cock of Professor X? Oh, it was just terrible but some devil got into me and I did what she wanted, but just as we both were having an orgasm, someone came by and saw us. Her ecstasy was so great that she held me down on the table even though I tried to get out of the ridiculous, compromising position — and to tell the truth, my own orgasm had left me quite weak. Oh, how they know the truth about me. I'm a dirty old man. The work will go all over the campus shortly — oh, the shame, oh, —" and he began sobbing in earnest again.

"Professor" said Lucy, "you shouldn't let yourself go on so. One — you've learned a few things before it's too late, so thank God for that. Some men go through their whole lives and never get eaten by a teeny-bopper. Two — you don't know who it was who saw you and they may not have known who it was. After all, your head was largely hidden by nearly nubile thighs, I take it. Three — assuming the worst, and someone did recognize you, what of it? They may blab, but these are different times, Professor. My advice is to go back to your home and carry on normally. Should the subject ever come up, admit it, and if anyone gets sticky, tell the truth and say you've been forgiven. Though why you should be forgiven for giving that sweet little girl the experience of her life, I don't really know."

"Come on Prof." said Garn, "you probably don't know it, but there's a Dirty Old Man Club on the campus anyway. Princeton is proud of the fact that it has some of the youngest dirty old men in the Ivy League. 'Course, it's limited to heterosexuals, so most of the faculty probably don't know much about it. But your previous purity is the main reason, I suspect that you never heard about it."

"Dirty Old Man Club — on the campus? Oh, my, my, how things have changed!"

"No Prof., they haven't changed, they've just come out in the open. Remember Charles Dodgson — the noted mathematician, better known as Lewis Carroll — he loved to take pictures of little girls — preferably in the nude — 'if they didn't mind it' as he put it. And you ever see a picture of Alice Pleasance Liddell — the original Alice? The sexiest little bitch I ever saw at 13. But one didn't eat cute little girls in Victorian England — unless they were poor, of course. There were plenty of whore houses, where poor girls of 7 to 15 were made available for the upper

classes. And some where the inhabitants were the same age, but all boys. English men had rather Roman customs at times, Prof."

"Libraries — brothels —" muttered Lucy. "Is there really much difference — one for the body — the other for the so-called mind. But the end of virginity in both cases. How many minds have been fucked by an idea and gotten VD, I wonder?"

"Oh, my — these things you're telling me — I've led a sheltered life with my books and writing. You make the world sound like one big brothel — heavens, I can't seem to adjust to the idea....."

"Honey, maybe it always was just one big brothel" purred Lucy. "Maybe you've got the wrong idea about brothels. You've just never appreciated that putting taboos on things lends a bit of spice to doing them. In Babylonia, the nicest virgins would come at the proper age to the Temple and their mothers would set up tents and any man, young, old, rich, or the dirtiest beggar, anyone with a piece of silver, could go to the tents and celebrate the joy of the Gods. And the priests made a nice piece of change on the side. And have you ever read the Engagements section of the New York Times? Lots of girls today get a nice price for a plain old ordinary lay. But listen — Garn, why don't you take a walk and the Prof. and I will amble down to that thicket of trees by the railroad bridge and 'talk' some more."

An hour later, Lucy came back, assuring Garn that the Prof. was alive and well, and had promised to shortly join the Dirty Old Man Club. They walked slowly back up the road from the lake.

"You know Garn, I think he's going to like the new life."

"Lucy, you know it's sort of funny. You ball anything alive — but me. I don't entirely understand that."

"Oh Garn, if you were hard up I'd ball you, too, you know that. But there's some special feeling and significance to our relationship. It'll work itself out in time — soon, in fact — that's what I feel. But until then, you've got Heddy and God knows who else. They'll suffice — until that time comes."

They reached the car finally and drove out to the Queen's Inn Road House and had pizza and lots of draft beer. Garn liked to get boozed up because it was folk dance night at Mrs. Goodie's School for Young Ladies, and the students showed up to do the hora and all that crap with the post-pubertal pretties. Folk dancing is one of the ultimate releases for human — and troll — soul. Soon Rumanian wildness was ringing through the auditorium and the dancers swirled to steps old three thousand years ago.

slavic scion on
a Roman root --
our souls live on
the River Cltul
sweet woods of
an ancient Europe
Roman-ticize me
my love --
black eyes and golden
hair of
Drăgășani
an eon of suffering
made me love you
hot blood of the tribes
rolling in your
veins
hot wine of the hills
rolling on our tongues
warm spring nights
roll on where East
met West in an amalgam
of super-sense-ability
There is no God but
Sursagona
and wine is his
prophet
under the Cypress branches
entwine me in your
ancient limbs of fire
Roumania
Roumania
balai nene
balai nene
into the moonlit
mountains of
forever let us
flee and
forget ourselves
in the ever-time
dancing under the black
cypresses --
silvered by the
moon, our
ecstasy is
forever

The rich, black draft beer had worked its way out through the skins of their souls as they whirled in the dancing, and that happy sadness of a thing well done, but over — the post-orgasm quiet — came upon them. They sat with the top down, with the black canopy of the sky pierced by a million pin pricks of light covering their joy.

"Garn, there'll be hard times ahead, I know it. I know as a troll you can see more than most humans, but even you can't see as much as I can. Up there in the stars, I see something coming. Even I'm not sure what it all means, but I think it will have a good outcome. Garn —" and she took his hand tenderly — "always stick by me, whatever happens, huh?"

"Lucy baby, if you can't depend on me, you can't depend on anybody." With this cryptic remark, Lucy slashed the night and the locusts and the mood with cones of bright light and soon Princeton was fleeing behind them — the car maintaining its place in the universe, as the earth rolled along under them.

LUCY CLARK- WASHINGTON ARTIST

Lucy Clark's paintings are powerful and crazy, intimate and rebuffing, a real magic show marked by a hand that makes everything she does a signature.

The subjects are Indian rugs and blankets.

In 16 earth-color watercolors, 3 oil pastels and 2 egg temperas hanging in her studio at 1636 Connecticut Ave. NW, her awareness comes on both lyrical and ominous, a vision, and a hand that would be shrill if they were any finer. What keeps this sensitivity from cloying into aesthetic constipation, or *tour de force*, or good taste, is the fact that she's committed to her subjects, with no room for advertising her artistic or emotional acuity.

Some of the rugs hang on walls or lie on floors. Others she portrays singly or, in one case, in a group of four. In the room paintings, especially "Walls and Rug" numbers 2, 3, 4 and 5, the patterns and perspectives, lines and spaces flip back and forth in a primal sort of optical illusion that resolves only in your acceptance that these paintings are unyieldingly disconcerting.

She forces you to imagine a room, and makes it impossible for you to imagine where you are in it. Choose a vantage point arbitrarily and it shifts as you move.

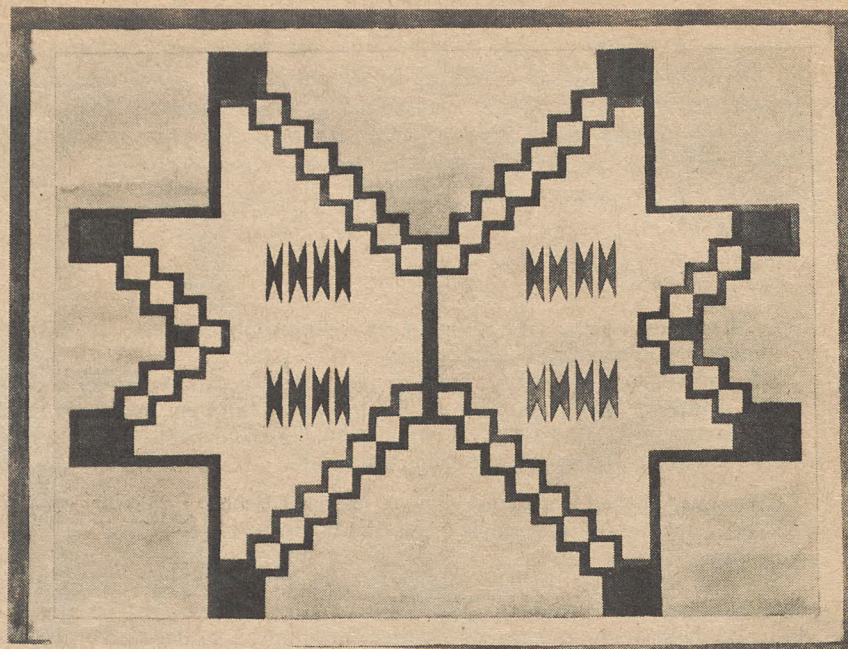
The 3 oil pastels don't work for me because everything in a Lucy Clark is so conspicuous, and oil pastel is a medium that I like best when it's subjugated by color or pattern. But the watercolors on the cold-press paper have a texture that creates a light of its own, a light that needs no shadow to indicate it. On harder, hot-press paper, the watercolor swirls and clots in the confines of these ritualistic squares and triangles, a clash of the organic and lineal.

The egg temperas are big, earthy series of crosses which, in an age which in our mainstream art tradition has become *avant garde*, might have been painted 100 or 1,000 or 10,000 years ago — *'devant garde,'* maybe.

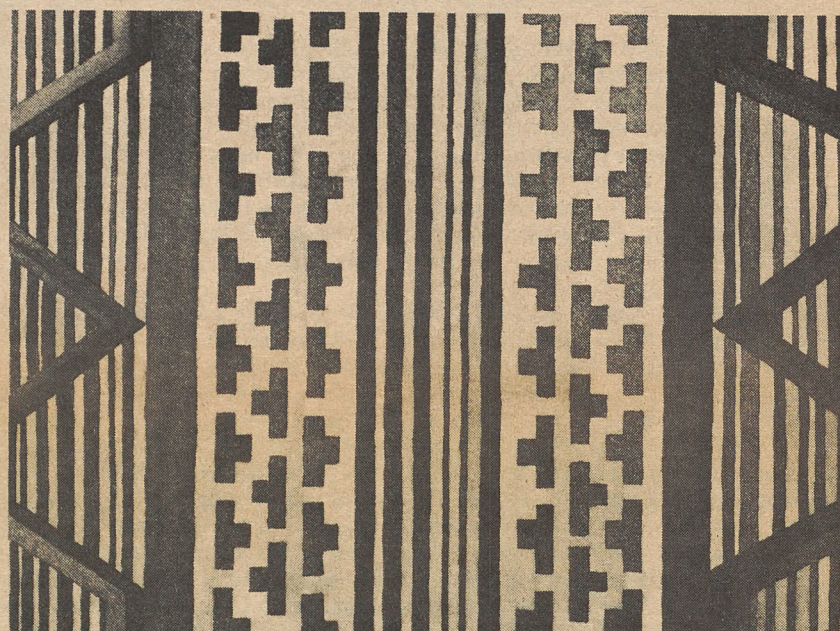
Lucid Lucy Clark is dealing one of the finest hands around, at prices from \$60 to \$275. The show runs through April 29, Tuesday through Saturday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.



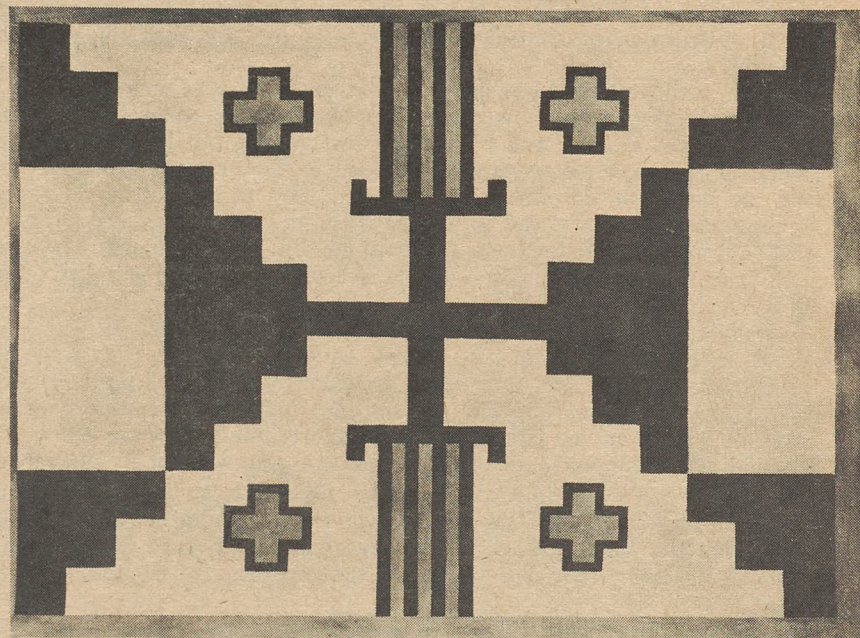
THE ARTIST



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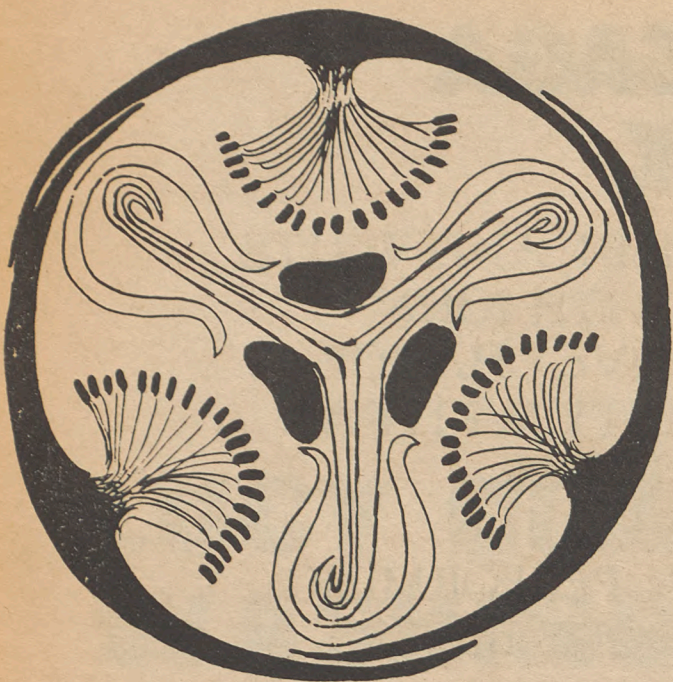


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"Concern yourself with things before they come into existence."
Tao Te-Ching

BOOKS

DESIGN AS ART by BRUNO MUNARI
[Translated by Patrick Creagh]
Pelican, 1971, 223 pages \$2.45 (paper)

Many review books without reading them. This is not as cynical as it sounds, especially for books on art: the only way to judge them is by their illustrations. If the author has chosen his art wisely, you can see at a glance he knows what he's doing.

In the case of DESIGN AS ART, all illustrations from cover endpapers are by the author himself; they announce he knows what he's doing.

Bruno Munari knows what design is because he is a working designer. (Beware of academics and critics who preach what they don't practice themselves!) He also works in a designer tradition, growing up with Futurists and the Bauhaus, a genealogical consideration, and his work dates from about 1933, with his 'useless machines,' through 1954, when the Museum of Modern Art acquired his light-projections, to today, when he is writing and summing up.

His credentials impel me to read his book, in between this sentence and the next, and start the review over again.

Like most reviewers, I find the book excellent because it meshes with my own prejudices; Munari calls for artists

to create an art for everyone . . . to break the closed circle of Artist-Dealer-Critic-Gallery-Collector . . . to destroy the myth of the Great Artist, of the enormously costly Masterpiece, of the one and only, unique divine Thing.

The way to do so is through design: the artist must become a designer. Mass-production, low cost, cheap materials, and useful objects will bring art back to the public.

To make precisely these points, publicly, the material in DESIGN AS ART originally ran in the Milanese daily IL GIORNO. Imagine the howls from Washington papers if such a series were proposed here! Yet hundreds of column-inches go to waste every day, because no American newspaper ever tries to educate its readers beyond the editorial page.

Education is needed: the public must be pulled into this. Everyone must THINK design, not just the experts and consultants. Our failure to do so has gotten us into most of the mess our lives and our cities are in.

Munari's funniest moments come with comments on cars, apartments, and clothes. Cars are travelling sculpture owned by those whose "aim is to transport it as smoothly as possible from one public exhibition to another." And he tells a Verblenesque tale of the Italian's marble fetish in its new apartments.

It must be marble even in the entrance hall, where all the dirt is brought directly in from the street. In such a case, however, the marble is covered with a strip of red carpet which of course (being by the front door) gets dirty at once and in turn is covered by a strip of white material which shows the dirt terribly and has to be covered by plastic.

Then he sketches some 200 chairs he has seen, sat in, or had nightmares about, all very modern, all available today or tomorrow. Separately they might not seem so bad; seen together, row after row, they are hilarious.

One way to re-think design is to step outside our own culture. Munari goes repeatedly to Japanese design, especially its houses - to their modular construction, uncluttered interiors, tatami mats, movable walls, continuous windows, wooden bathtubs, and insistence on natural and unpainted materials.

I will not say that all Japanese craftsmen are good, but most of them are. They have tradition behind them . . . When one studies something characteristic of a people it is wise to look at its best side, at least if one wants to learn anything. Ugly things are ugly in much the same way the world over. Only the best can teach us, and the best of anything is individual. Each country excels in some things, and in the rest is just the same as other countries: mediocre.

Once upon a time, America had a design tradition, but it died when the 'Craftsman movement' died with World War I. Now it has bad Bauhaus.

Munari shows that common to all good design is the simple and the natural. He points out that "painted material loses its paint, cannot breathe, rots, . . ." whereas natural material ages well. He catalogues a hundred varieties of knives, forks, spoons, and other cooking utensils, like a gourmet chef, then he sweeps them all away with a set of chopsticks and a knife to cut the food up beforehand into mouthful-sized pieces.

He might also have mentioned sets of fingers and hands, nature's own design, polychopsticks, now used only by kids, picnickers, and other uncivilized people.

Another way to re-think design is by studying natural structures. His essay on the orange is first-rate. He notes he is simply following Leonardo, as seen through the notebooks, but he could also have mentioned more recent studies by D'Arcy Thompson, Siegfried Giedion, Richard Neutra, Gyorgy Kepes, and Buckminster Fuller. They know that nature has already solved its design problems.

With an epigraph, Munari reminds us that "form follows function" was first formulated not by Louis Sullivan or the Bauhaus, but by the great naturalist Jean-Baptiste Lamarck.

Besides being right-headed, the book has fine little self-contained examples of close observation, such as the helicoidal groove in the steps of the Leaning Tower of Pisa: "the angle of the tower makes you climb on the inside of the spiral staircase when the wall is leaning inwards, and move over to the outside edge when the wall slopes outwards." A hint of what we can all see for ourselves, even without Parmenter's or Huxley's how-to-see books, if we will only come to think design.

Munari says design is planning. He might also have said design is seeing. I would say design is art with reason. But all such formulas are pointless. Saying "Design is . . ." is like saying "God is . . ." Prediction is impossible; neither sentence can be completed. For precisely the same reasons. Perhaps a new religion lies in the union of the two.

Looking around at our jumbles, you might conclude that religion has already arrived. A truly Manichean religion, where the bad has equal place with the good - or routed the good completely.

So everyone must think design. Everyone must think. Everyone.

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WHOLE WORLD HANDBOOK — Six Continents on a Student Budget
Council on International Educational Exchange, 304 pp. (paper) \$2.95

This book is far from extensive in its scope. It is adequate for those who have never traveled outside of the U.S. before, but for those who have, it seems quite lacking. It appears useful for its information on study programs and work visas, but I can't really evaluate these sections. It has good data concerning travel/living accommodations, but is not complete. Sadly lacking is a section on S.E. Asia. There is more to the area than the RVN.

SO YOU WANT TO BUY A MOBILE HOME — by Al Griffin
Pocket Books, 192 pp. (paper) \$1.50

If you are now, or soon plan to be, in the market for a 'mobile home' [also known as a 'trailer'], you should at least read this book. It is a comprehensive survey of products, manufacturers, expenses, as well as a very good general guide to the subject. There are careful discussions about the problems of trailers, floor-plans, accessories, construction, design, and sites. In all, a very well done book.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP TO CHINA — Members of the American Press Corps
Bantam Extra, 159 pp. (paper), \$1.50

For the avid collector of Richard Nixon memorabilia, this one is a must. In it are just loads of pictures of RMN in China. We get to see RMN looking pensive before the trip, Mr. & Mrs. RMN getting off the plane, Mr. RMN & Mr. HK talking together, some Chinese Soldiers [!], RMN shaking hands with CE-I, RMN shaking hands with MT-t, RMN at a banquet, RMN at a 'working session,' RMN at the Great Wall, RMN greeting a little girl [Chinese!], RMN shaking farewell to CE-I RMN deplaning in the USofA, RMN also a few pictures of China.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE — Exercise Plans for Physical Fitness
RCAF, Pocket Books, 175 pp. (paper), \$.95

What can be said about this book? That it is equanimously divided into two sections, the XBX for women and the 5BX for men? It's an exercise book that is well laid out, the schedules are reasonable, and the programs are applicable for all ages, as specified. If you're trying to find an exercise plan, this may be what you're looking for.

THE YING YANG: The Chinese Way of Love
by CHARLES HUMANA and WANG WU
Avon, 255 pages, (paper), \$1.50.

Well, it was due. Somebody finally got around to exploiting somebody else's trip to China, and tied it in with an exploitation of sex. I knew it was coming and here it is. We cynics are rarely wrong in things like this.

But I'm only half right. There's exploitation, to be sure, as the cover lecherously intrigues us . . . "Folds back the silken screen which has guarded the delights of the Chinese bedchambers from the curious eyes of the West." Or, ". . . these translations which rival the Kama Sutra in the detail of their approach to the art and practice of love, and do so with the poetry and variety to be expected of an infinitely more sophisticated culture." Is everybody hooked? Avon Publishing is betting on it.

But their promotion is really a pity. Instead of slippery purple passages and anatomically impossible acrobatics, the authors have prepared a skillful and sensitive study of the erotic literature and attitudes of the Chinese. The book is scholarly, but it is definitely not dry. What it is, is a survey of Chinese erotica, spanning over 4,500 years of culture. It follows a pattern of drawing upon scholarly and historical sources in the first instance and then attempting to illustrate this material by relying on novels and other "realistic" accounts. It is ". . . a synthesis of the unadorned Confucian presentation of the facts and the more colourful flights of fancy of the Taoists."

The first part of the book gives a general background of history and a broad view of the subject matter. In it, the writers present a clear and easily understood simplification of Taoist and Confucian thought and the conflict between them. Confucius deals with the mind, Lao Tzu, with the heart; the conflict is resolved, however, in a most practical manner: keep the two faculties separated.

And so, we find the "mysterious, inscrutable Chinese," the follower of Confucius, practicing sex in a way as uninhibited as can be imagined. Of course, the "golden mean" must be observed; but the eternal tension between opposites, Yang and Yin, Heaven and Earth, Male and Female, Light and Dark, Hard and Soft, Dry and Wet, goes on. There is a definite sense of order in this conflict, though. Male is superior. Always. Heaven is above Earth. Always. In defining the relationship between the sexes, "She must bow to such other women as her master may take, but she herself can only marry once. A Husband is Heaven itself. There is only one Heaven. To seek more than one Heaven in this mortal life is to invite disaster."

Indeed, classical China was a chauvinistically male society. An early Confucian work, the *Nü-Chieh*, states that female subservience starts at birth, that a female child should be hidden beneath the bed in shame. And what of that most obvious and grotesque example of man's cruelty to women; footbinding? Humana and Wu give an excellent essay on the origins of this peculiarly Chinese institution and the way in which it grew from a "mark of feminine grace" into a full blown and thoroughly perverse fetish.

But, though the Male was lord and master, he was bound to certain "duties" toward his women. . . .

Neglect of one's wives and concubines is an offense against the Harmony of Heaven, Earth, and Man. Until the age of fifty, a husband should enter the Pleasure Pavilion of his wives once every third day, of his concubines once every fifth day, of other maids of the household according to his wish. The principal wife may remain in the bedchamber during intercourse with a lower concubine, and after the act she can order her back to her quarters and remain for the rest of the night with her husband. Thus her position is accorded respect."

[*Li chi (The Book of Rites)*,
a Confucian Classic]

For those who may never have had the pleasure of reading a Chinese erotic novel, this book could be a valuable aid. One starting to read *Chin-Ping Mei*, or *Jou-Pu Tuan* for the first time might be somewhat at a loss when he comes across phrases as "fire behind the mountain," "Jade Pavilion," or "Turtle Head." This book gives a brief, but adequate glossary.

YING YANG is a very well done book, full of information and liberally illuminated with excerpts from forty-five centuries of erotic experience, prose as well as pose. Consider. . . if there are so many of them, mustn't they be doing something right?

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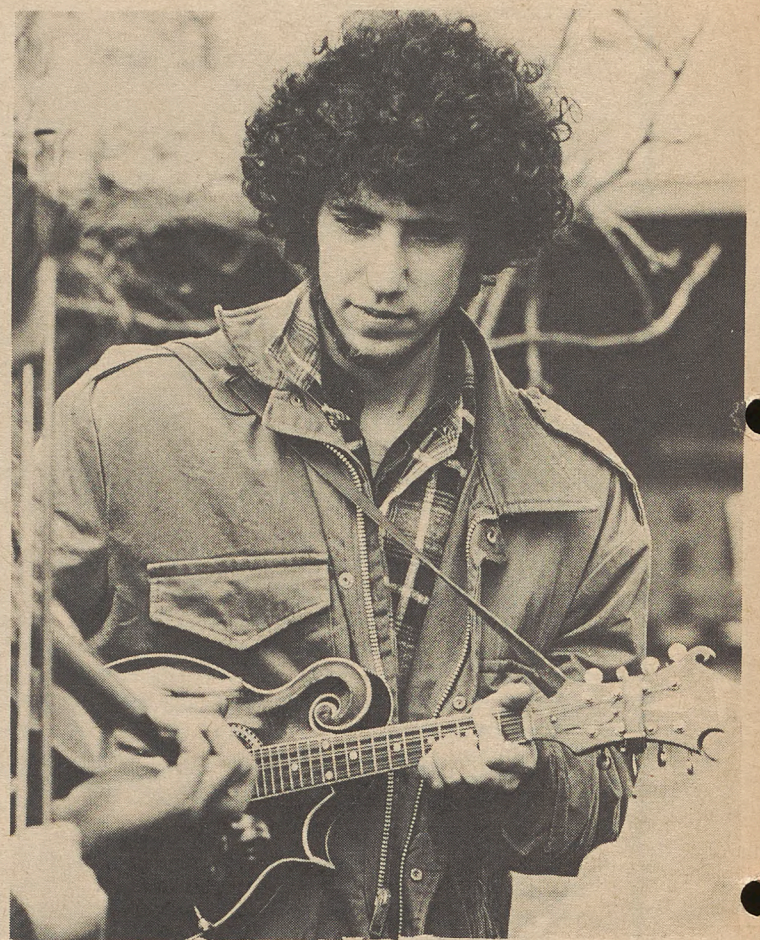
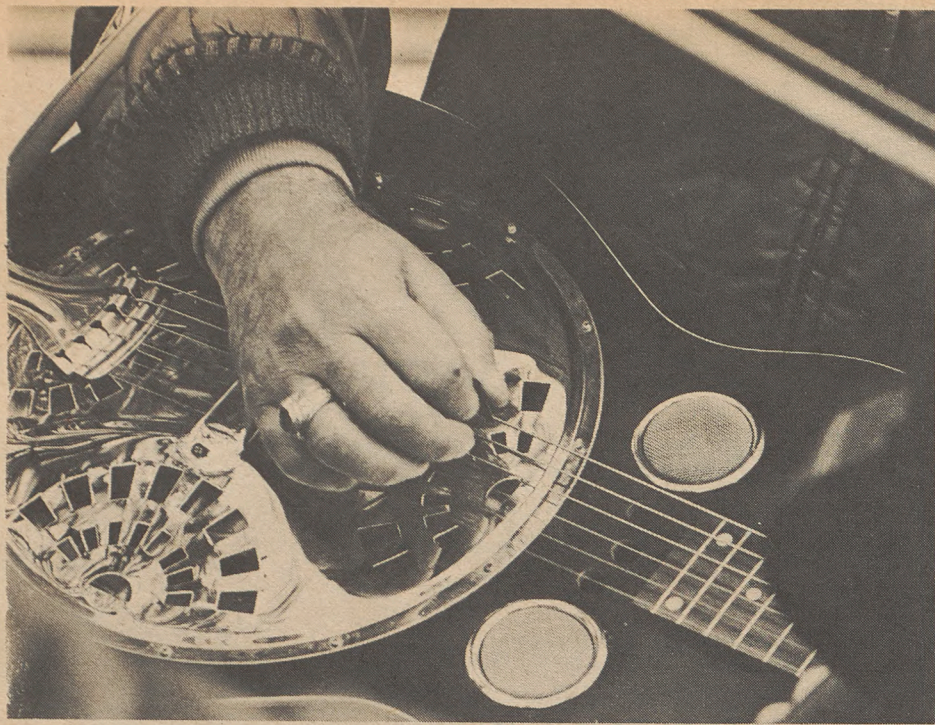
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MUD

About 50 miles north of Union Grove, North Carolina, we stopped at a roadside restaurant for some food. The waitress led us to a table next to one where five or six freaks had already established themselves. Since they were the only other longhaired people in the place, we all immediately took note of each other. A girl at their table looked us over quickly and said one word, but a word that had special meaning to us all.

"Mud" she said.

"Union Grove," one of us answered.

The mud was the real story, the inescapable shared experience, of everyone who was there. It slurped and gurgled underneath your feet, it sucked the shoes right off you; when it dried it left you covered with a brown, flakey plaster-like stuff that you scraped off with a pocket knife. The mud tested human adaptability. After a day of it, I began to realize that if I had to live with mud like this for the rest of my life, the great mess would in no time become a fact of existence, something you stopped noticing after a while. Even before the weekend ended, most people had given up trying to keep their clothes, tents and cars free of the mud.

Last year at the Old Time Fiddlers' Convention, the music in the big tent on H.P. Van Hoy's farm was for me, naturally enough, the main focus of my attention. That Easter weekend of 1971 was full of sun and suggestions of summer. This one, though, was cold, wet and muddy. We were camped about a ten minute walk from the big tent, a walk through the slushy, relentless earth. The Convention was more crowded this year than last (the same will probably be said after next year's), and the tent was jammed with thousands of happy, crazy people. Measuring myself against the demands of the earth and of the enormous audience, I came out the weaker and spent a quiet weekend playing music with friends and jamming with people who might be passing by. Only once did I make my way into the big tent, and that was to compete in the Old Time Band contest with D.C.'s renowned country band, The Fast Flying Vestibule.

Our decision to play in the competition contributed to keeping all of us away from the center of things: we had chosen an old dance tune of Irish origin called, "Soldier's Joy" as the tune we would knock them out with, but unfortunately we had not practiced it as a group and one or two of the people in the band had never heard it before. And that tune took work.

So the official Old Time Fiddlers' Convention I really missed – the great bluegrass and old timey bands, the competition for best fiddler and banjo picker, the nostalgic appearances of former champions, all of that. And I truly regret it: I hadn't traveled 400 miles to listen to music that I love only to end up missing a great deal of it. But the sinister forces of dope, mud and "Soldier's Joy" kept me from the up-front action.

Which is not to say that I missed out on the unofficial weekend at Union Grove. All over Van Hoy's farm were hundreds of fine musicians working on their tunes, jamming with stray members of other bands, performing tiny concerts for anyone who stopped to listen.



I was listening to one group do their stuff when a man came up to me and said, "What kind of fiddle you got there?" I did have a battered fiddle case with me that I had almost forgotten about. But it was occupied, not by a violin, but by food belonging to the mysterious John Pain of Takoma Park. I told the man I didn't have a fiddle in the case and what's more, couldn't play one if I did. He was truly puzzled, but went on with the conversation.

"I'm Jimmy Edmonds' father. Ever hear of him?"

"Jimmy Edmonds, the kid who plays the fiddle?"

"That's him," said the man.

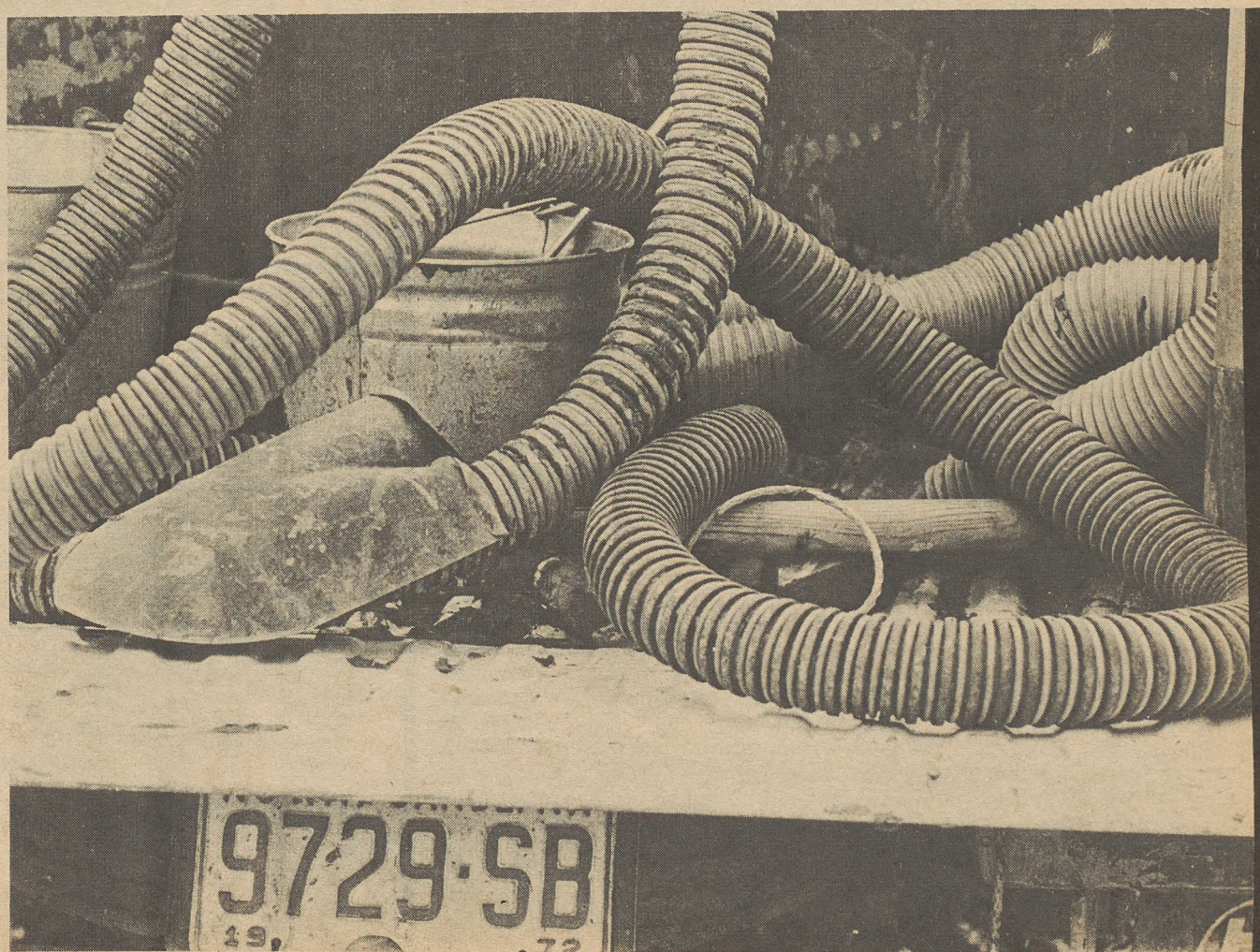
"Yeah, I've heard of him. He's fantastic. He really is."

"You wait here," said the man, "and I'll go get him."

And he came back with his remarkable son, 14-year old Jimmy Edmonds, a boy who can play as well as most professional, adult musicians. Jimmy and I shook hands and I told him I was an admirer of his and he thanked me and, excusing himself politely, left us. He was a striking person that I feel honored to have met – a natural, an original, a maker of good country music.

But even if you don't like good country music, go to a music festival at least once in your life: as far as I know there is simply no other way to watch the Giant Shit Sucking Machine in action. A magnificent creature – half insect, half vacuum cleaner – it plants itself in front of a row of portable toilets, relaxes, takes a deep breath and then begins its great task. Chugging and slurping till it's had its fill, it remains the most awesome monument to American genius, technology and sanitation that anyone has ever seen.

It was just one of the many performers at the unofficial Old Time Fiddlers' Convention.



COUNTERNOTES

Bruce Rosenstein

Richard Harrington

TIGERS WILL SURVIVE—Ian Matthews—(Vertigo)—Ian has certainly made the rounds for the past four years. He has been a member of Fairport Convention, a leader of his own band, Matthews' Southern Comfort, a solo performer, and now he's back to the group again; this one called Plainsong. This, however, is only a development of the last few months. His latest album shows some of the reasons why he is dropping the solo status and returning to the group format.

The new album has only occasional flashes of the beauty and texture of his first solo album, *If You Saw Thru' My Eyes*, and really doesn't measure up to the MSC albums. Ian's main reason for splitting from Southern Comfort was a weariness for rock and British folk music, and his penchant for American folk and country music. With this album, though, he seems to be searching for a style and leaving the listener unconvinced of what he is trying to get across. He avoids British folk and rock, but he gets into a little bit of everything else, like country with Eric Anderson's "Close the Door Lightly" and his own "Please Be My Friend" (which appears in a better version on the first MSC album); a Moby Grape song, "Right Before My Eyes," and even an a capella version of "Da Doo Ron Ron," done up with hand clapping and velvety harmonies and laughing at the end; all in fun, but there are those who are taking it seriously, it's even a single. Possibly the best song on the album is a non-original called "The Only Dancer," which uses an accordion and sounds similar to Jesse Winchester's "Brand New Tennessee Waltz." Unlike the rest of his album, little of the original material is all that strong. Hopefully, the new group, which will also feature Andy Roberts, will work for Ian. There is nothing drastically wrong with *Tigers Will Survive*, but live performances and all his previous albums prove he can do much more.

BR

BLUE OYSTER CULT—(Columbia)—This is one of the few albums that can frighten you. It becomes apparent pretty early on that the Cult is an especially weird bunch; if not from their name, then maybe the album cover, (you can spend hours trying to figure out the meanings of the drawings, which have something to do with the music inside), or the song titles: "I'm On The Lamb But I Ain't No Sheep", "Before The Kiss, A Redcap", "She's As Beautiful As A Foot".

BOC hails from Long Island, where they used to be called the Soft White Underbelly, (they made an unreleased album for Elektra in 1969.) Their favorite themes are death, destruction, fear, rage, sexual deviation, paranoia, and of course, rock and roll. Don Roeser is a fine guitarist and the Cult plays heavy rock. Combine their style with their lyrics and you have a thinking man's Led Zeppelin. Warning: Don't get too hung up over anything on the album, either the concept, which has something to do with mass murder, or especially the cover. For the last few months this has been my favorite album, the one I turn to after listening to the new crop of almost-made-its and plain losers. The Blue Oyster Cult will kill you.

BR

EAT A PEACH—Allman Brothers Band—(Capricorn)—With each playing this gets better. Although recorded during the same time period, *Eat A Peach* far surpasses the previous *Live At Fillmore East*. Also a double LP, this shows the band usually away from their bluesy side and getting into dynamic rock and roll and a lot of fine jamming, much more than was on *Fillmore*. About half of the album was recorded at the Fillmore, the remainder is studio sessions from Miami. Side one is recorded without Duane, and it's encouraging to see that the band can play quite well without him, though he is obviously missed.

There is a lot of jamming on the album, two sides built around Donovan's "First There Is A Mountain", and the studio recorded "Les Brer In A Minor", the latter featuring Dicky Betts on guitar, the former Betts and Duane trading off as was the band's trademark. In addition, Dicky unveils his vocal cords for the first time on the country tune "Blue Sky", and he sings surprisingly well. "Little Martha" is a beautiful little lullaby with Duane and Dicky playing soft, delicate acoustic guitars. *Eat A Peach* is the best thing the Allman Brothers have given us. And side one proves that their forthcoming work without Duane will be just fine.

BR

FEEDBACK — Spirit — Epic KE31175

Maybe in the years ahead, people will realize how great a band Spirit was. Their first four albums were among the most consistent and enjoyable ever made. Now the group is divided. Jay Ferguson and Matthew Andes have formed JoJo Gunne; nobody seems to know what's happened to Randy California (anyone with clues please send them to this writer); and Cassidy and John Locke have kept the name and added the Stahely Brothers, who now write the songs and handle the vocals. It's just not the same. Actually, the album *Feedback* starts off with a song that is like a bridge with the past, "Chelsea Loving." But after a fine start, the strong points don't occur frequently enough — a brief instrumental ["Puesta del Scam"] — a raunchy rocker called "Earth Shaker." And there is the more developed piece, "Witch." Cassidy's drumming and Locke's guitar work are up to their usual stability, but the rest rarely rises above the necessary. And in an age of hopefully increasing awareness, Al Stahely's lyrics are unfortunately sexist and shallow. Maybe the group needs time to get it together as there are hints of something promising on this album. Maybe they should reissue that first masterpiece. This new one is Spirit, but the "spirit" is obviously only half there.

RH

LINDA RONSTADT — Capitol SMAS635

Linda Ronstadt's third album is quite her best to date because it is the purest. The choice of songs is centered around her strengths, which are first; a strong, clear voice, and secondly; the subtle emoting of a chansoniere. The early albums lacked the consistency of this one. Starting off with Jackson Browne's beautiful "Rock Me On The Water," Ronstadt moves into the first of three C&W standards, "Crazy Arms," Johnny Cash's "I Still Miss Somebody," and "I Fall To Pieces." A lot of people have always said that C&W was Linda's forte and, strangely enough, the whole feel of this album is just that. Backed by excellent musicians, (Bernie Leadon and Sneaky Pete of the Burritos and others) and blessed by arrangements that perfectly suit her material, Linda Ronstadt has constructed an enchanting, thoughtful bouquet of songs that deal with the most basic themes and things about ourselves — love, the urge to ramble, and the sense of wonder, the happy and sad moments of our lives. By using other people's material, she has avoided the pitfall of filling an album rather than fulfilling her own ideas and talents. Very much an album to listen to over and over.

RH

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GODSPELL Conceived by JOHN-MICHAEL TEBLAK
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at Ford's Theater
STATUS QUO VADIS By DONALD DRIVER
in the Ivanhoe Theater Production from Chicago

Ned Chaillet

at Arena Stage

WASHINGTON THEATERGOERS WHO SEE at least one play this spring, stand a considerably brighter chance of enlivening their spring if they see either Godspell or Status Quo Vadis. In fact, with these two new shows, and Purlie at the National and Uptight at the Kreeger, Washington is having its best theater month of the season.

GODSPELL'S TRIUMPHANT ARRIVAL was anticipated, and Ford's wisely extended the run through June 5, even before the official opening. The kind of expectations that surrounded Godspell haven't detracted at all from the joyous surprises the musical brings in its happy telling of the Gospel According to St. Matthew.

If another telling of the Christ story, following hard upon Jesus Christ Super Star, suggests the same sort of serious and tragically intended work, forget it. Godspell's message is happy and moral, it isn't even specifically "Christian," as it uses the words (or a near equivalent) of Christ. The play tries its hardest to teach the audience to love one another, and Christ, as a hippie clown, has rarely been more appealing or more human.

Surrounded by chain-link fencing, the set suggests a sort of Godspell playground, where magical children re-enact the love message of Christ. Hinting that there are more philosophies than messages, the play begins inside the playground with a musical Tower of Babel, where Socrates and Thomas Aquinas, Luther and other philosophical voices, drown each other out with their own credos. From this beginning, in quick transformations, we progress to Christ's baptism by John the Baptist and without stop onto Christ's ministries.

The music and the ministries, bent around a number of the parables and acts of Christ, point up a philosophy of primitivism, reminding us not to worry about clothes and to "consider the lilies." The beatitudes are a major point of the production, and we are reminded that the meek shall inherit the earth, and the poor shall have heaven. Though we're told that the rich shall not enter the kingdom of heaven, I have a suspicion that someone involved in the making of this play doesn't believe that.

If the play's philosophy has a major fault, it may be that we see far too few money-changers driven from this temple.

The happiness and charity of Christ here, however, is not treated as a consolation for poverty, as churches too often teach, but as an exhortation to rediscover the simple and pure.

In the midst of this celebration, you are offered wine in a communion of the multitudes; this is one intermission you shouldn't miss. Before the second act begins, the marvelous performers in the cast are back to work, and out of this improvised interlude comes "Turn Back, O Man," one of the musical highlights of the performance.

There is a roughness to this production, an exuberance that is missing from many slicker shows, and there's a minimum of props, with a minimum of creative performing, which makes for a staged event rather than a play. The cast, the staging, the lighting and the musicians; all the elements of the performance and a frenzied cooperation in all its parts make it hard to pick out any individuals for special praise, they all deserve it.

PERFORMANCE

This may be a Godspell summer at Ford's; it ought to be. The joy in experiencing the production is made nearly indelible by its few moments of dramatic impact, as when the playground is made a concentration camp for the crucifixion with driving, frenzied music, electrically harsh. Godspell is probably worth at least two visits.

Horace, hiding his number behind the classless image of the poet, involves himself with a class 3 white collar secretary, and then flaunting his class 5 animalism in front of a class 1 teacher, he becomes her lover and she published his book, (she being secretly the daughter of the chairman of the board of the biggest industry in town.)

This marvelous image of numbers defining every social function is at its best early in the play; in the factory, in the class 4 bar and class 2 bar where mating rituals are practiced. As the story develops, the image fades away.

Like La Ronde, Status Quo Vadis sees the classes rigidly separated by everything but sex, and if Horace is banging a class 3 secretary, so is her class 2 boss. His class 1 lover is defining her own sexuality by... well, it's part of the fun to discover who's doing what and how, so I'll skip over the story's development, with a recommendation that you see it yourself.

Megan Rosenfeld reminds me that if a critic likes something, the critic had better give a reason for it. And the rich, imaginative style of this performance is reason enough to like the play. Admittedly, the elements of the story are old, the characters alive popped up over and over in film and theater, and the reversals were probably dated when Plautus was writing. But the movement and pacing and skills and staging of this telling of those stories is winning.

A metal frame flipped over by an actor, transforms a bar into a church or office, into a tenement or telephone booth, making a magically flexible set. Those class numbers, setting up a quick reference, keep bounding up in the funniest places, with the strangest bed partners.

As a good antidote to the naive telling of Godspell's religion, Status Quo Vadis offers us simultaneous church services in rich and poor churches. The poor are promised the Kingdom of Heaven in that same beatitude, while the rich are promised better servants if they follow the advice of that same old bible.

But while all this is good, and much more funny, I admit to seeing problems in the play. Though I believe there is a genuine political and social consciousness beneath the structure of the play, and that that consciousness opposes sexism and union bossism, and the ruling classes, there is also a problem in the realization of this consciousness.

A long standing complaint about satire is that it cannot work. If it's good satire, it's too funny to make its points, and that may be the case here. The Arena audience at the opening of the play was so into the spirit of fun invoked by the play, that men started whistling at the actresses, just like the workers satirized in the play for their sexist behavior. And I don't think those audience members saw themselves satirized as they giggled away at every sexual allusion.

All right, so that didn't work in the spirit of the consciousness involved, and, all right, so the management types in the audience laughed when the unions were satirized more than when business was satirized, and so the audience seemed to

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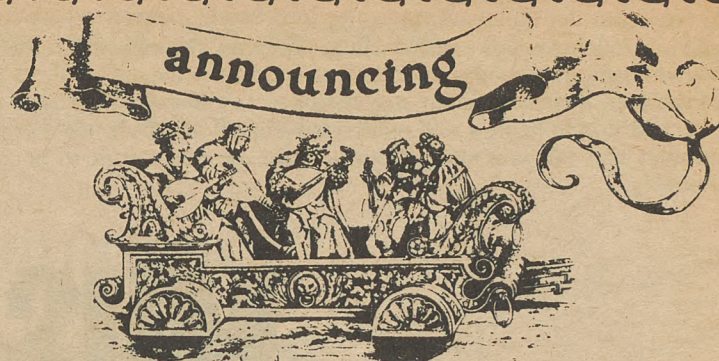
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WORKIN

Mike Hogan

8 - 4 - 72 That opening tune that B.B. King's band played before he actually came out at the Civic Center really threw us for a loop. It seemed to be aimed at a much older audience. Anyway, they're all obviously top notch musicians, but the pacing of the program doesn't make for a very spirited evening. We remember seeing B. B. at one of Wolf Trap Farm's summer programs last year and it seems that his routine hasn't changed much since then except for including his newer singles. Another thing we noticed was how similar at least two of his tunes sounded even down to the inflection of certain phrases. Nevertheless, the sound was good and B. B.'s portion of the show went over extremely well with his much imitated guitar style being the obvious crowd pleaser.

The audience was up and ready for the Allman Brothers Band who were professional without seeming mechanical. As they stormed through material from albums past and present it became apparent to the consummate Allman fan that Dicky Betts' efforts to smooth over the gap left by Duane Allman's death were gallant and seemingly effortless, but understandably far short of what the two of them could have accomplished. B. B.'s jam with the Allman band only served to emphasize this feeling. Other than that we can find little fault with their musicianship especially the interplay between the two drummers, although on occasion Betts' guitar soli were longer than what he had to say.

14 - 4 - 72 John Hammond's set prior to Hot Tuna at Alexandria's Virginia Theater was a welcome sight for these eyes. Blues fans know Hammond to be one of the few white men around to successfully approach singing black blues and his slide National Steel and mouth harp playing and stomping foot merely drive the listener deeper into appreciation for this man's dedication to the music he loves. His style gives a tune like the Jagger-Richard composition "Love In Vain" an authenticity even Jagger failed to achieve.

Fortunately, Hot Tuna's latest album, Burgers, had us prepared for a high volumed concert and that it was, even to the point of Jorma's lead guitar being uncomfortably piercing at times. Another source of frowns was that one downward spiraling riff of Papa John's that somehow seemed to appear in nearly every one of his solos, but that complaint is fairly minor in contrast to the smiles just seeing John getting into tunes like his own "John's Other" can bring you.

Loudness aside it seems to us that tunes like "99 Year Blues" and "Water Blues" from Burgers have a more natural intensity about them than songs like "Candy Man" and "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed" so we sure would've liked to hear "Sea Child" and "Sunny Day Strut", but they never got around to them.

Six dollars seems awfully high even for a show as nicely run as Hammond and Hot Tuna was and even after the economics of putting on concerts was revealed to us it still seemed a bit steep especially when other parties in town have been putting together evenings like Taj Mahal and Dave Mason for only three fifty. (Of course those same parties have admitted to being half crazy, but....).

Need you be reminded that Pink Floyd is at the Lyric Theatre in Baltimore on the 23rd? If so, consider yourself as such. Also, WORKIN' enables us to listen to a few of those round musical discs every once in awhile and one that recently crossed our audio threshold and made a very favorable impression was Sunset Ride by Zephyr, a four man and one woman group from Colorado. It's their third lp and they've really grown into an excellent band with the aid of three personnel changes between their last album and this one. It's full of a very nice variety of things, in addition to being a well modulated album. Maybe Bruce will get to it in Counternotes and tell you more about it 'cause we don't want to be accused of claim jumping.

MUSIC

Susan Cohn

Now that spring (and the super tourist season) has come to Washington, it might be better to get to the National Gallery (as early as 6) to get a seat for the excellent (and free!) Sunday concerts. The Easter Sunday concert was crowded, partially due to the vacation crowd, but more because this concert was third in a series of concerts by the National Gallery Orchestra. The preceding two concerts were all-Haydn and all-Mozart; the Easter concert was an all-Schubert program.

The works performed were the "Italian" Overture in C Major (1817), Symphony No. 1 in D Major (1813), and, after intermission, "The Great" Symphony No. 9 in C Major (1827). The two styles of Schubert were neatly contrasted with the two segments of music, the young Schubert (he was sixteen when he wrote the first symphony) sounding like imitation of early Beethoven, and the more mature composer with the broad sweep of the Romantic concept. In both cases, though, the classicist's penchant for form is quite evident: the music is new wine in old bottles.

Richard Bales, the conductor of the Orchestra, is leader of quite a proficient group. The orchestra is of chamber size, just perfect for the small stage and listening area of the East Garden Court, and the musicians play with remarkable precision and clarity, never letting the ringing acoustics of the room muddy the sound. Bales' conducting is excellent, precise and with clear phrasing. His is the kind of conducting that serves as a guide to the audience, the kind of conducting for which ensemble musicians hope. All the musicians played well, but the brass section was particularly outstanding: the French horns were agile and definite, and the rest of the brasses had a slightly covered sound which lay on the ear like velvet.

NOTE: The concerts at the Gallery are of uniform high quality. They vary from the solo performer to the resident orchestra, each held at seven in the evening at the East Garden Court of the National Gallery, each one free. The concerts make a lovely way to wind up a weekend, as they treat both the ear and the eye. For those who like to feed the body as well as the soul, there's a cafeteria downstairs with great food (stroganoff, perch jambalaya) at very reasonable prices. Two can eat a complete meal for a little over two dollars, a bargain that even beats the Astor.

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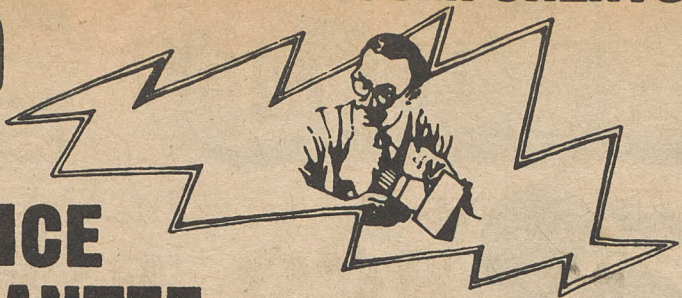
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AT THE MOVIES

Allen Appel

FRITZ THE CAT: Or, The Comic Book Was Better Than The Movie.

Not having been up to doing battle with the great hordes lined up to see the *Godfather*, we settled with *Fritz the Cat*, if settled is the right word. What we have here is another all-out assault on that tattered and torn "youth" market that ends up where all such attempts end up; in the hip pocket of ageing liberal types who, in this case, seem to get a big bang out of watching a cartoon cat fucking other assorted cartoon animals. Just to show you what kind of a movie this is, it's found a champion in Judith Crist of New York magazine. Now, reading Crist is always kind of fun as she's usually a complete idiot about films, but this time she's confirmed her lunacy. If I may quote, "... this film, directed and designed and written by Ralph Bakshi, is more than a multi-leveled milestone movie; it's a gloriously funny, brilliantly pointed and superbly executed entertainment, right on target - and it's target is, at long awaited last, the muddle headed radical chicks and slicks of the sixties." No such thing, Judith, no such thing. At least I don't think so though I'm not quite sure as I had a bit of difficulty sorting out that superbly written sentence and I'm also a bit unsure what a "muddle headed radical chick and slick" is. At any rate, the movie is a terrible bore. The characters are taken from the strip of the same name by R. Crumb and I hope he got a lot of money for it as he sure didn't get anything else. The animation was nothing special, standard Disney type stuff with some feeble stabs at *Yellow Submarine* brilliance. But folks, it won't wash. The story is about Fritz, a cat, who's a college student who gets into various unfunny trouble like burning his school down, starting race riots and getting his only friend killed, getting involved with bomb types and finally being blown up while bombing a power station. There's even a bit of Disney morality involved when Fritz tries to stop the bombing after realizing the radicals are really a bunch of sado/maso's who are only in it for kicks. Judith Crist seems to think by showing Fritz to be a hippy ass, which he undeniably is, that Bakshi is spewing forth a powerful satire. What she misses, as indeed she must miss, is that by merely portraying stupidity, especially in a stupid way, what you end up with is only a compound stupidity that will be enjoyed by only those people that the movie purports to be about for they are truly and unalterably dumb. Now there's a sentence to rival any of Crist's for sheer un-understandable-ness. In the interests of keeping things short, suffice it to say that it's a terrible movie not worth most people's time or money. By the way, the theatre, Loews Embassy, has been giving away real neat Fritz the cat T-shirts, posters, and buttons simply for the price of admission which is three dollars. Go get 'em kids!

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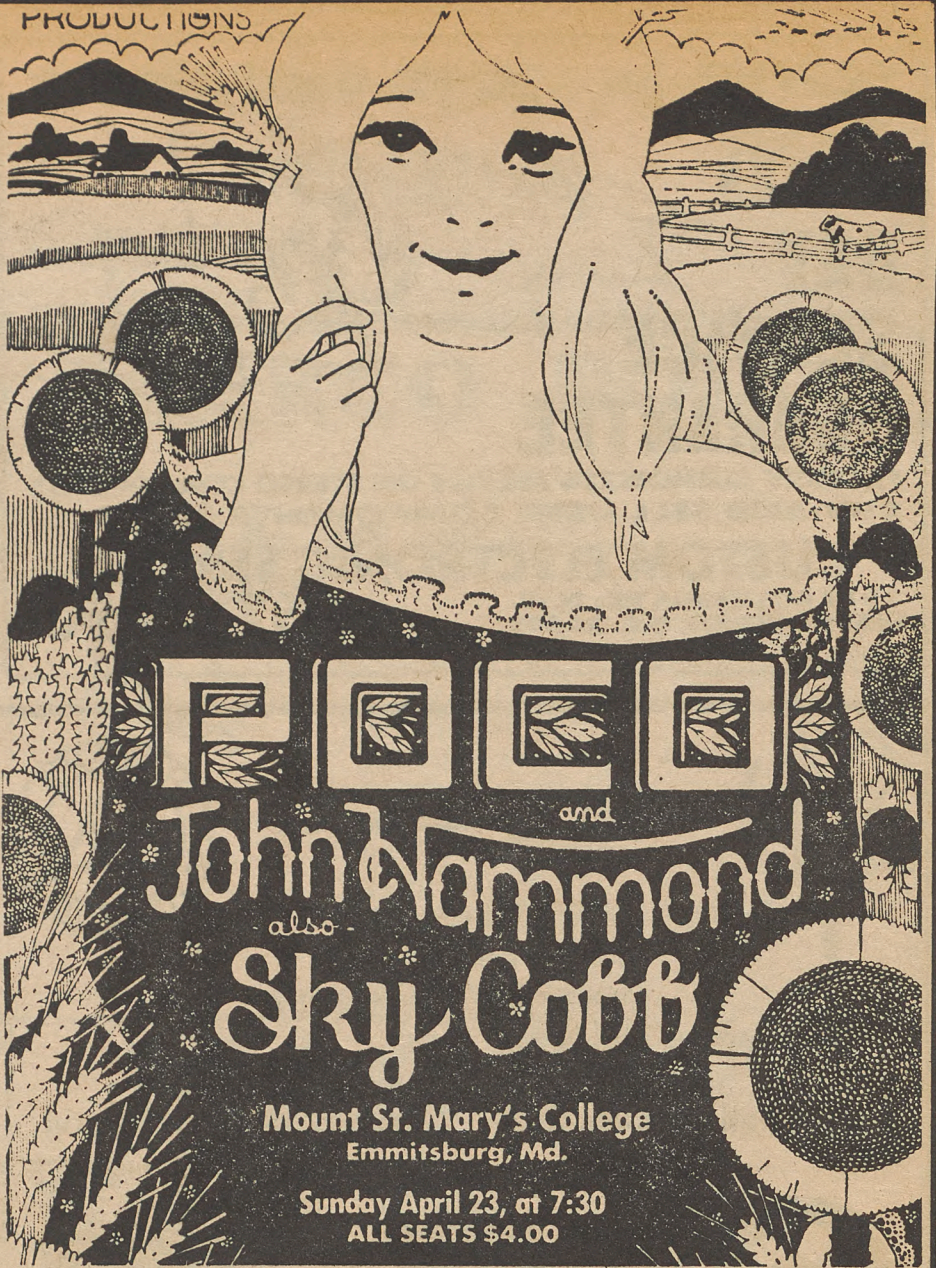


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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

APRIL 18 — TUESDAY

Concerts

The Changeling — The Assembly 9 - 1 am
Earl Scruggs — Cellar Door
Combined Choirs, Barry Kempfill conducting — Arlington Forest
— Methodist Church 8 pm Free
Peaches and Herb — Stardust Inn two shows nightly

Events

Auditions for Living Stage, consisting of improvisations with other actors. Must have improvisational experience and be familiar with and love children and teenagers. Picture and resumes must be sent first to Robert Alexander, Arena Stage 6th and M St.s SW WDC 20024

Films

Christmas in July — AFI 10th & D St.s SW 8 pm 554-1000
Othello — Inner Circle Theatre evenings \$2 matinees \$1
Sterile Cuckoo and Goodbye Columbus — Biograph 2819 M St. NW
— FE3-2696

Theater

Godspell — Ford's Theater 7:30 tickets \$6 - \$7
Uptight — Arena's Kreeger Theater 8:00 pm tickets \$4.25 - \$5.75
Status Quo Vadis — Arena Theater 8:00 pm tickets \$4.25 - \$5.25
The Fantasticks — Fine Arts Theatre of Bethesda — Chevy Chase H.S.
8 pm tickets \$1.50
Oedipus Rex — American College Theater Festival (A.C.T.) at Kennedy
— Center — students of Southern Methodist Univ. 2 and 7:30 pm

APRIL 19 — WEDNESDAY

Concerts

Earl Scruggs — Cellar Door
Carlene Neihart, organist — St. John's Church, LaFayette Sq. 2:10 pm
Peaches and Herb [see April 18]

Events

Poetry & Jazz — Iguana Coffee House, Luther Place Church
Modern Dance — Marvin Center G.W. Univ. 8:30
Auditions for Living Stage [see April 18]

Films

Design Films — National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Instit.
Hamlet — Inner Circle Theater
Shadows — N. Va. Community College 8:45 Free
Marat/Sade and Fellini Satyricon — Biograph Theatre

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
The Fantasticks [see April 18]
The Price — A.C.T. [see April 18] Montana State U.
Focus on Gureaucracy — Back Alley Theater 8:30 Tickets \$3.50
Purlie — National Theater 8:00 tickets \$3.50 - \$11
Romeo and Juliet — Folger Theater 7:30 \$2 - \$3.50

APRIL 20 — THURSDAY

Concerts

Earl Scruggs — Cellar Door
Jamaican Folk Singers — Pan American Union 8:30
Julliard Quartet — Library of Congress 8:30 Free
Peaches and Herb [see April 18]

Events

Bike Fashion Show at McPherson Square
Forums on Global Environmental Problems and the Role of the U.S.
in the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment to be held at
Stockholm June 15 - 16 — Auditorium of the Pan American Health
Organization 10 am to 4 pm
Jack Derrickson of American Univ. will speak on Verdi's "Don Carlo"
Arlington County Central Library 2 pm
Modern Dance [see April 19]
Auditions for Living Stage [see April 18]

Films

Marat/Sade and Fellini Satyricon [see April 19]
"Now That The Buffalo's Gone," (protest against the fall of the Indian)
"Discovering Indian Music," and "Hands of Maria" — Smithsonian
Institute Free
Macbeth — Inner Circle Theatre \$2 matinees \$1

Theater

Godspell [see April 18] matinee at 2 pm
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Purlie [see April 19]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 19]
The Fantasticks [see April 18] matinee at 3:30
Telemachus Clay — Open Stage, New Lecture Hall —
at American Univ. 8:30 pm
Calliope XIII — "Senior Prom" — Hall of Nations G.U. 8 pm \$2.50
"Exercises on Shakespeare" A.C.T. [see April 18] Warsaw Theatre
Academy
Roar of the Greasepaint and the Smell of the Crowd A.U. theatre
call 685-2851
Four Minus One — Washington Theatre Club 8 pm \$3 - \$6

APRIL 21 — FRIDAY

Concerts

The Changeling; The Assembly; 9-1:30 pm
Earl Scruggs; Cellar Door
Grits and Living Stage; St. Stephen's Church; 7:30 pm; benefit
concert
Peaches and Herb [see April 18]
A Day of Jazz; by Don Ellis Orchestra; Catholic Univ. Gym;
Clinic 2-6 pm, \$3; concert 8-11 pm, \$3.50
Georgetown Univ. Band Concert; Gaston Hall; 8 pm; free
Pink Floyd; Lyric Theatre, Baltimore
Julliard Quartet [see April 20]
Air Force Chamber Player; Woodward High, Rockville, Md.; 8 pm
Dquesne Univ. Tamburitana; Civic Center Auditorium, Rockville;
8 pm
Crank; Severna Park High School, Maryland
The Beggar's Opera; Trapiera Theater, St. Alban's School; 8:30 pm;
tickets - \$2 & \$3

Events

National Ballet presents "Jungle," "Three Preludes," "Four
Temperaments" and "Swan Lake"; Kennedy Center Opera House;
8 pm; \$4 - \$10
Forums on Environment [see April 20]
Tour of Georgetown Gardens; 12:30 - 5 pm; tickets - \$5
Friday on the Lawn (start of Spring weekend); Georgetown Univ.;
1 pm to Sundown
One-Act Play Tournament; Chevy Chase Community Center; 7 pm
Auditions for Living Stage [see April 18]

Films

Falstaff; Inner Circle Theatre; \$2; matinees - \$1
Marat Sade and Fellini Satyricon [see April 19]
Palm Beach Story; AFI; 8 pm

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 18] tickets \$4.75 & \$6.25
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18] tickets \$4.75 & \$6.25
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
The Fantisticks [see April 19] matinee at 3:30
Telemachus Clay [see April 20] midnight performance
Calliope XIII [see April 20]
Tiger at the Gates; Hartke Theatre, Catholic Univ; 8:30 pm
Four Minus One [see April 20]
The Little Foxes; A.C.T.; North Carolina School of the Arts
Purlie [see April 18]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

APRIL 22 — SATURDAY

Concerts

"Opera Concert"; Opera Theatre of North Virginia; selections
from different operas & one act opera by Pasatieri; 8 pm; adults - \$3,
students & senior adults - \$1.50
The Changeling; The Assembly; 9-1:30 pm
Earl Scruggs; Cellar Door
Free Concert — McKendree Spring, Blues Project, Sageworth, Asleep at
the Wheel, Sky Cobb, Stomping Suede Greasers, and Itchy Brother;
Georgetown Univ., Lower Athletic Field; 4 pm
Peaches and Herb [see April 18]
Lincoln Center International Choral Festival; Kennedy Center; 8:30 pm
Roberta Flack; Sylvan Theatre; 1-5 pm; free
Beggar's Opera [see April 21] matinee at 2:30 pm
Neil Harpe; acoustical guitar; The Theatre Project; 8:30 pm

Events

National Ballet presents "Coppelia," "Swan Lake," "Jungle" and "Danse
Brillante"; Kennedy Center Opera House; 2 pm; \$4 - \$10
Sculpture Technique Demonstration by students from Rhode Island
School of Design; Smithsonian Museum Courtyard; free
Christian Service Corp's Annual Youth Hike; register call 462-8822
Tour of Georgetown Gardens [see April 21]
Peace March in NYC, call 293-3855

Films

Hail the Conquering Theater; AFI; 8 pm
"Now that the Buffalo's Gone" (protest against the fall of the Indian).
"Discovering Indian Music" and "Hands of Maria"; Smithsonian
Institute Free
Falstaff [see April 21]
Cisco Pike and Five Easy Pieces; Biograph Theater

Theater

Godspell; shows at 6:30 & 9:30 [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 21] matinee at 2 pm, tickets \$3.25 & \$4.75
Status Quo Vadis [see April 21] matinee at 2 pm
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Telemachus Clay [see April 20]
Calliope XIII [see April 20]
Four Minus One; [see April 20]; 6 & 9 pm
"Black Dragon Residence"; A.C.T. [see April 18]; Univ. of Hawaii
Purlie [see April 18] matinee at 2 pm
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

APRIL 23 — SUNDAY

Concerts

Hootenany; Cellar Door
Georgetown Univ. Mixed Chorus; Gaston Hall; free
Chicago; Baltimore Civic Center
Poco; Shady Grove Music Fair
Sageworth; Apple Pie; 8 pm; tickets - \$7
Peter Yarrow — Lisner Auditorium, G.W. Univ. 7:30 tickets \$2 - \$5
Handel performed at St. Thomas' Parish 4:00
Beggar's Opera [see April 21] 3:00

Events

National Ballet presents "Danse Brillante," "Jungle," "Four Temper-
ments," and "Swan Lake" — Kennedy Center Opera House 2:00
Mud-In with mud, beer & music — G.U., Annex Lawn
Market Day, Country Fair — City Style — Market Row, 7th & Penn. SE
— 12 - 6 pm (raindate April 30)



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GODSPELL



Films

Henry V; Inner Circle Theatre; \$2, matinees - \$1
Lost Horizon & The Thief of Bagdad; Catholic Univ.; 8 pm
Cisco Pike & Five Easy Pieces [see April 22]
The Power and the Glory; AFI; 8 pm

Theater

Godspell — matinee at 3:00 [see April 18]
Uptight — [see April 18] matinee at 2:30 \$3.25 & \$4.75
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18] matinee at 2:00
Focus on Gureaucracy [see April 19]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21] 2:30 & 7:30
Four Minus One [see April 20] matinee at 3:00
Purlie [see April 19]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 19]

APRIL 24 — Monday

Concerts

The Changeling — The Assembly 9 - 1 am
Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks — Cellar Door
Roy Clark — Stardust Inn two shows nightly

Films

Henry V [see April 22]
Cisco Pike & Five Easy Pieces [see April 22]
The Sin of Harold Diddlebock — AFI 8:00

Theater

Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]

APRIL 25 — TUESDAY

Concerts

The Changeling — The Assembly 9 - 1 am
Dan Hicks — [see April 24]
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Films

Hamlet — Inner Circle Theatre
Cisco Pike & Five Easy Pieces [see April 22]
The Great McGinty — AFI 8:00

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 20]
Purlie [see April 19]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 19]

APRIL 26 — WEDNESDAY

Concerts

Dan Hicks [see April 24]
The Association; Constitution Hall
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Events

Conference on Problems of Prisons and Correctional Programs
in Maryland — Jewish Community Center, Rockville, Md. 7:00
The Marvelous Land of Oz; Puppet Theater, Smithsonian 10:30
& 11:30 am tickets \$1.25, children \$1.00
One Act Play Tournament Finals [see April 21]

Films

Hamlet [see April 25]
Greetings; North Va. Community College; 8:45 pm; free
The Loves of Isadora and Diary of a Mad Housewife; Biograph Theater

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Henry IV; Tawes Fine Arts Theatre, U. of Maryland; 8 pm; tickets-\$2.50
Purlie [see April 19]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 20]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

CALENDAR CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Romeo and Juliet — Folger [see April 19]

APRIL 27 — THURSDAY

Concerts

Dan Hicks [see April 24]
Baroque Concert; Chevy Chase Community Center; 8:15 pm
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Films

War & Peace-Part 1; Inner Circle Theatre; \$2, Matinees \$1
The Loves of Isadora and Diary of a Mad Housewife [see April 26]
Sullivan's Travels; AFI; 8 pm

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]; matinee at 2 pm
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Henry IV [see April 26]
Purlie [see April 18]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 20]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

Events

National Ballet presents "Coppelia"; Kennedy Center; 8 pm;
tickets-\$4 - \$10
The Marvelous Land of Oz [see April 26]
One-Act Play Tournament Finals [see April 21]

APRIL 28 — FRIDAY

Concerts

Dan Hicks [see April 24]
Roy Clark [see April 24]
Oratorio Society of Montgomery County Performance; National Presby
Church; 8:30 pm; tickets - \$1.50 - \$4.50

Events

Status Quo Vadis [see April 21]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Henry IV [see April 26]
One-Act Play Tournament Finals [see April 21]
Multi Media Alpha Wave Demonstration; Washington Hilton, East Monroe
Room;
tickets- \$3, for info call 338-0521
The Marvelous Land of Oz [see April 26]

Films

War & Peace - Part 1 [see April 27]
A Thousand Clowns and Bananas; Biograph Theater
Miracle of Morgan's Creek; AFI; 8 pm

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 21]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 20]
Purlie [see April 18]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

APRIL 29 — SATURDAY

Concerts

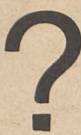
Dan Hicks [see April 24]
Joe Cocker; Baltimore Civic Center
Green Belt Folk Festival(Md); 6:30 & 8:30; free
Poco — Mt. St. Mary College, Emmittsburg, Md. ; 8 pm; tickets- \$2.50
Poco; Baltimore Civic Center; 8 pm
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Events

National Ballet presents "Coppelia", "Giselle"; Kennedy Center; 2 pm
tickets- \$4 - \$10

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The Marvelous Land of Oz [see April 26] shows at 10:30 am, 12:30 & 2:30 pm
Annual Open Studio presents paintings by Lucy Clark; 1636 Conn Av NW
11 am - 6 pm

Films

War and Peace-Part 1 [see April 27]
A Thousand Clowns and Bananas [see April 28]

Theater

Godspell; shows at 6:30 & 9:30 [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 22]
Stu
Status Quo Vadis [see April 22]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Henry IV [see April 26]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 22]
Purlie [see April 22]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 18]

APRIL 30 — SUNDAY

Concert

The Changeling; The Assembly; 4 -8 pm
Hootenanny; Cellar Door
Sageworth; Apple Pie; 8 pm; tickets - \$2
Edgar Winter; Prince George's Community College; 5 7 9:30 pm;
tickets - \$5 in advance
Ray Price, Sonny James, Faron Young; Shady Grove Music Fair; 3 & 8 pm;
tickets - \$4.50 - \$6.50

Events

The Marvelous Land of Oz [see April 29]
Jewish Art Today; presented at the Paul Himmelfarb School Building -
1 - 9pm
Annual Open Studio [see April 29]
Loretta Young; Department of the Interior Auditorium; 2 - 4pm

Films

War & Peace - Part II[see April 27]
The Hired Hand and Two-Lane Black-Top; Biograph Theater

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]; matinee at 3 pm
Uptight (final performance) [see April 23]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 23]
Focus on Bureaucracy [see April 19]
Henry IV [see April 26]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 23]
Four Minus One [see April 23]
Purlie [see April 22]
Romeo and Juliet [see April 23]

MAY 1 — MONDAY

Concerts

The Changeling; The Assembly; 9 - 1pm
Al Kooper; Cellar Door
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Events

Jewish Art Today [see April 30] 11 -3 pm & 7 - 10 pm
Annual Open Studio [see April 29]

Films

War & Peace - Part II [see April 27]
The Hired Hand and Two-Lane Black-Top [see April 30]

Theater

Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Richard II (previews) starring Richard Chamberlain; Kennedy Center; 7:30 pm
tickets - \$4 - \$9

MAY 2 — TUESDAY

Concerts

The Changeling — The Assembly 9 - 1 am
Al Cooper —Cellar Door
Roy Clark [see April 24]

Events

Jewish Art Today [see May 1]
Annual Open Studio [see April 29]

Films

War & Peace — Part II [see April 27]
The Hired Hand & Two-Lane Black-Top [see April 30]

Theater

Godspell [see April 18]
Uptight [see April 18]
Status Quo Vadis [see April 18]
Tiger at the Gates [see April 21]
Four Minus One [see April 20]
Richard II [see May 1]
Company — National Theater 8:00 \$4 - \$9

WASHINGTON'S LIVING STAGE AND GRITS WILL APPEAR IN A BENEFIT FOR "YOU AND ME"

A rare experience is in store for the local audiences, in a benefit
concert and performance for the "You and Me" free school. Grits, a
top-ranked local rock group, will provide the music and the Living
Stage, Arena Stage's improvisational touring theater group, will pro-
vide excitement with its much lauded blend of performance and
audience-performer interactions.

The benefit will be held Friday, April 21, at St. Stephen's Church,
16th and Newton Streets, NW, at 7:30 pm. "You and Me" is an alter-
native school for young children, providing a Summerhill-like experi-
ence where learning is a creative act, and creativity is the basis of
learning.

I urge you to support "You and Me" through this benefit and give
yourself that "Rare experience" I mentioned; the Living Stage rarely
appears in public performances such as this, usually appearing by invi-
tation at schools and such places as Lorton Reformatory, and, in
spite of or because of that, it's probably the most important theater
group in Washington. And, if you know the local rock scene at all,
you know Grits. What more is necessary?

For further information, call 978-7308 or 362-9687.

SPRING CONCERTS ON THE EAST COAST

April 21 — Poco and John Hammond; Capitol Theatre, Passaic, N.J.;
8 pm; tickets — \$3.50 & \$5.50
April 21 - 22 — New England Folk Festival; Wellesley H.S., Wellesley
Mass.
April 21 - 23 — Buffalo Folk Festival; S.U.N.Y., Buffalo, N.Y.
April 21 - 24 — St. Andrews College Folk Festival; Caurinburg, N.C.
April 22 - 23 — Fifth Annual Lake Normal Bluegrass Music Festival;
Catawba Fair Grounds, Hickory, N.C.
May 2 — New Riders of the Purple Sage; Academy of Music, NYC,
8 pm; tickets — \$4.50 - \$5.50
May 5 - 7 — First Annual Spring Bluegrass Festival; Bluegrass Cove,
Amelia, Va.
May 5 — Jeff Beck Group; Carnegie Hall, NYC; 8 & 11:30 pm;
tickets \$4.50 - \$6.50
May 6 — Richie Havens; Capitol Theater; NYC
May 12 - 14 — Fourth Annual Spring Bluegrass Festival; Take-It-Easy-
Ranch, Callaway, Md.
June 3 starts Rolling Stones' 30 city tour — WOODWIND will keep
you posted!!

GALLERIES

Adams, Davidson Galleries — "One Hundred Years of American
Painting" — thru April 22 3233 P St. NW
American Film Institute — paintings and collages by Joyce Murray —
thru April 30 Independence Ave. and D St. SW
Bird-In-Hand — photographs by 4 women artists — thru April
600 S. Washington St., Alexandria, Va.
Baltimore Museum of Art — women artists of the 20th Century —
thru June 18; Indians & The West; works by Karl Bradner & Alfred
Jacob Miller — thru April Art Museum Dr., Balto. Md.
Brazilian - American Cultural Institute — Drawings & Engravings from
Minas Aerais — thru May 4 4201 Conn. Ave. NW
Corcoran Gallery of Art — Albert Brerstadt Retrospective — thru
April 23 17th St. & New York Ave. NW
D.A.R. Museum — American 18th & 19th Century decorative line arts
1776 D St. NW
Dimock Gallery — All-University Student Show — thru April 28
21st & H St. NW
Down East Gallery — paintings & drawings by Katherine Axelrod,
graphics by Maria Leboroni, woodcuts by Susan Levine — thru
April 23 2140 Cathedral Ave. NW
Dunbarton College — paintings & ceramics by 7 women artists —
thru April 2933 Upton St. NW
Emerson — paintings, drawings & collages by Rosiland Farey thru
April 29 1437 Emerson St., McLean, Va.
East - West Art Associates — Oriental Watercolors & Screens by Liu
Shih Min 433 s. Frederick Ave., Gaithersburg, Md.
Fendrick Gallery — Graphic drawings by Robert Singletary — thru
April 29 3059 N St. NW
Fisher Galleries — 19th Century Sculpture — thru April
1509 Conn. Ave. NW
Frame House & Gallery — paintings & ink drawings by David Cabitto —
thru May 15 205 Union St., Occoquan, Va.
Franz Bader Gallery — watercolors by Valfred Thelin — thru May 6
2124 Penn. Ave. NW
Freer Gallery of Art — 2,500 Years of Persian Art — thru December
Selected Leaves from Armenian Biblical Manuscripts
1100 Jefferson Dr. SW
Georgetown Univ. — Spring Art Show Healy Building 37th & O St. NW
Gallery of African Art — graphics by black artists 1621 21st St. NW
Georgetown Studio Gallery — "Washington, USA" by Samuel Bookatz
thru May 30 2700 A St. NW
Goldman Fine Arts Gallery — Gem-stone Collages & Mazdaliths by
Dee Church 6125 Montrose Rd., Rockville, Md.
Henri 1 — Ms. Group Show — thru April 1500 P St. NW
Henri 2 — new paintings by Katherine Porter — thru May 13
2623 Conn. Ave. NW
Hensley Gallery — 50 graphic artists N. Fairfax St., Alex. Va.
Hodges Gallery — Group show of oils & watercolors by local
artists — thru April 520 N. Washington St. Alexandria, Va.
Hom Gallery Inc. — sculpture by Pietro Lazzari — thru April
7315 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Jane Haslem Gallery — retrospective exhibition of graphics by
Richard Ziemann — thru April 30 1669 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Kenneth Kelley Gallery — recent oils by Dan Samuels — thru April
7315 Wisconsin Ave., Bethesda, Md.
Lee - Atkins Studio Gallery — "The Dynamic Liberated Lines" —
thru May 15 4712 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Liras Gallery — political satire by Thomas Nast — thru April 29
630 N. Washington St., Alexandria, Va.
Lorenz Gallery — mixed media graphics by Warrington Colescott —
thru April 27 7023 Wisconsin Ave., Bethesda, Md.
Lunn Gallery — Etchings by Sol Le Witt & Brice Marden; screen
prints by Ascan — thru April 21 3243 P St. NW
Michelson Gallery — paintings & graphics by Robert Bidner — thru
April 29 707 6th St. NW
Museum of African Art — selected works collected in Africa by Elliot
Clisofon; "Impact of Traditional African Sculpture on Modern Art —
thru May 9 316-318 A St. NE
National Agricultural Library — botanical drawings, watercolors &
oils by Regina O. Hughes — thru April US Dept. of Ag., Beltsville Md.
National Capitol Trolley Museum — collection of European & Am.
trolleys Bonifax R. & New Hampshire Ave., in Maryland
National Collection of Fine Arts — Two American painters: Fritz
Scholder & T.C. Cannon — thru May 29; drawings by William Alackens
thru April 30; Edith Halpert Memorial Exhibition — thru June 25;
Black Women's League photographic competition & exhibition for D.C.
schools — thru May 29; folk paintings by Jennie Cell — thru June 15
9th St. between F & G St.s NW
National Gallery of Art — "The American Artist and Water Reclaim-
ation" — thru May 14; etchings by Venetian artists Battista Tiepolo &
Domenico Teipolo — thru April 23 6th St. & Constitution Ave. NW
Organization of American States — tapestries from the Avajiro Indian
Art Workshop of Mali-Mali — thru April 26 17th & Constitution NW
Pyramid Gallery — paintings by Leon Berkowitz — thru April 22
21 P St. NW
Renwick Gallery — fabrics by Jack Lenor Larsen — thru May; wooden-
works — thru Sept. 10; 5 other craft and design exhibits and 2 period
rooms 17th and Penn. Ave. NW
Spectrum Gallery — "Black and White Abstracts" in acrylics by Ruby
Arms — thru May 7 3033 M St. NW
Studio Gallery — paintings by Lena Paris — thru May 6 1735 Conn. NW
The Art Barn — contemporary paintings & wall hangings — thru April
Tilden St. & Broad Branch Rd. NW
Textile Museum — "From Persia's Ancient Looms" — thru Sept. 30
2320 S St. NW
Univ. of Md. Art Gallery — Chinese Art from the Ferris Luboshez Coll.
thru April 30 Fine Arts Bldg., College Park, Md.
Us Too Studio — 1 Woman show by Virginia McKinnon 4023 Chain
Bridge Road, Fairfax, Va.
Venable Gallery — paintings by McDuff, Moise and Moune — thru April
1633 Connecticut Avenue NW
Washington Gallery of Art — 5 contemporary black artists — thru
April 26 3005 M St. NW
Watergate Gallery — oils, watercolors and drawings by Raphael Soyer
thru April 20 2544 Virginia Ave. SW
Wheelhouse Gallery Ltd. — paintings and drawings by Marie Shaw Addi
thru April 30 2924 Hunter Mill Rd., Oakton, Va.
Workshop



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JOHN
SEBASTIAN

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10th, 8:30 P.M.
DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

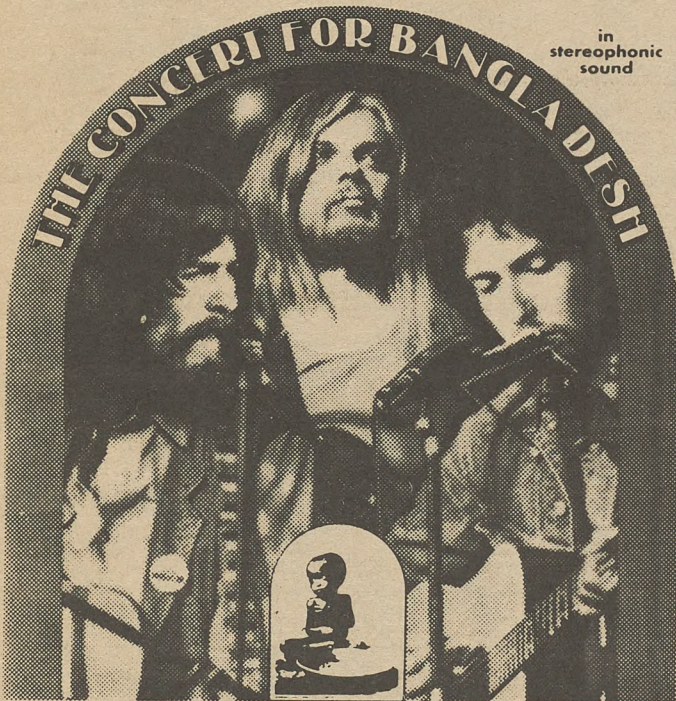
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Women's Commission
on Abortion & Forced
Sterilization

Sat. May 6 2p.m.



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Abortion is a woman's right to choose
yet anti-abortion laws, legislators,
politicians, hospitals and general
lack of concern by public institu-
tions prevent women from exercising
this basic right. Find out the facts
on the abortion situation in the me-
tropolitan area on May 6 at the Wo-
men's Commission on Abortion and
Forced Sterilization.

For more information contact the D.C.
Chapter of the Women's National Abor-
tion Action Coalition, 1346 Connecti-
cut Ave., #318; D.C. 20036; 785-4769.

Clip & mail to Wonaac:

I want to testify at the Women's
Commission on May 6th.

I want to work on publicizing the
Commission.

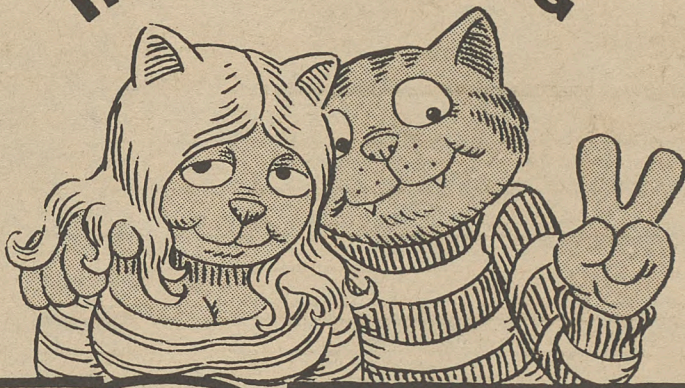
Enclosed is a donation to Wonaac.
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Judith Crist: N.Y. Magazine

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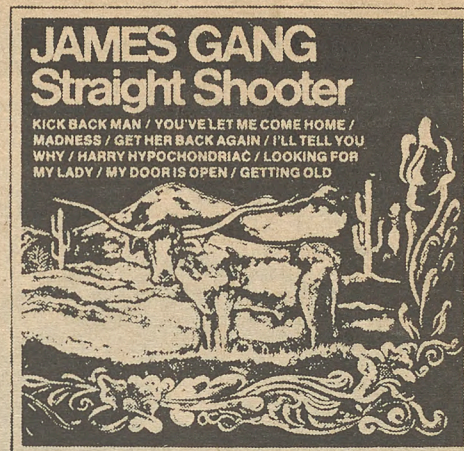


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